

THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY JAMES GRANT, AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," "PORTRAITS OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS," &c.

No. 50. NEW SERIES.]

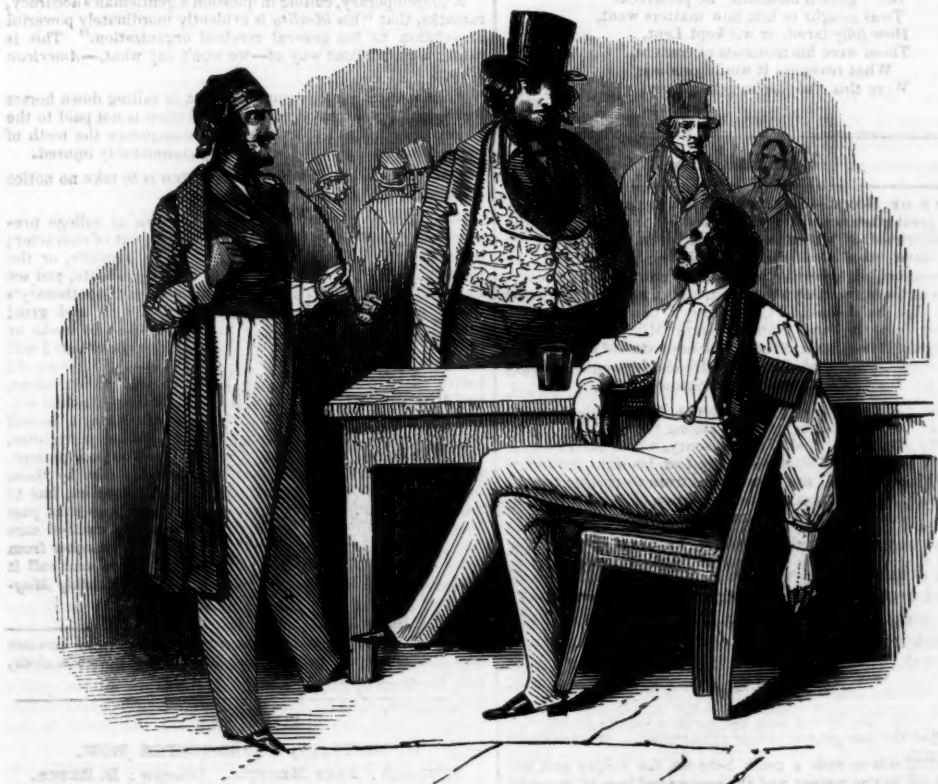
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1841.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Illustrations of Humanity. No. L.—Gentlemen Debtors in the Queen's Bench.	278	Cannibalism in New Zealand.	283
The Footsteps of Cowper. By Sam. Sly, (concluded from page 268).	278	Marriage—a Sketch.	284
Memoir of the "Clarinda" of Burns.	280	Dile Abbey: Historical and Descriptive.	285
Know Thyself.	281	The Study of Flowers.	287
Reflections from an Old Church-yard. By Phantom	281	American Varieties.—No. XVII.	287
Whitehaven. Chap. IV.	282	POETRY:—Autumnal Sonnets.	288
		Varieties.	288

GENTLEMEN DEBTORS IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

No. L.—GENTLEMEN DEBTORS IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH.

THE Debtors' prisons in London are five in number. Their names are Whitecross street, Queen's Bench, the Fleet, Horsemonger Lane, and the Marshalsea prisons. Whitecross street and the Queen's Bench prisons are the two most largely tenanted. The number of persons confined in either of these two prisons, often exceeds three hundred and fifty. At present the entire number of Debtors within the walls of the metropolitan prisons, is between seven hundred and seven hundred and fifty.

Whitecross street prison is chiefly tenanted by persons who have been accustomed to move in the humbler walks of life. The most aristocratic prison is the Queen's Bench. It is rarely without a greater or less number of the hopeful younger branches of the nobility. To find it without one or more titled inmates, would, indeed, be something new. It is also the great receptacle for the fops and fine gentlemen, who having run through their means, and run into debt, awake some morning and find that they have run their necks into the noose of the law. Here many of them spend nearly half their days. If they are out one six months, they are sure to be in the next. In the exits and the entrances of some of their number, there is indeed a sort of periodical regularity. It is amusing to contrast the appearance, in a majority of cases, of such persons, when they go in, with their appearance a few days before they come out. When they are thrust into the Queen's Bench, they are the *beau ideals* of dandies—fops of the first magnitude. Every part of their apparel is adjusted to their persons with a wonderful nicety; it is the triumph of tailorlike taste and genius. It is of West-end workmanship, and the quality of the cloth is the best that Saxony can produce. By-and-by the beauty of their apparel begins to fade, and eventually becomes so seedy and soiled, that the contrast it affords to the affected manners, and the effort to keep up the appearance of a fine gentleman, only renders the parties ridiculous. There is something, indeed, extremely ludicrous in the aspect of a broken-down dandy in the Queen's Bench prison. His wardrobe is at war with his notions, and contrasts oddly with his stiff, formal, "fine gentleman" manner. He is obliged, too, to forego the "splendid" port in crystal bottle, for a pint (two-pennyworth) of heavy wet; and to complete his mortification, he is obliged to drink it out of the pewter. He swears at a furious rate at the vulgarity of the thing; but then, he cannot help himself. Necessity has no law, and to that necessity he must resign himself. Our artist has hit off with great effect a trio of these fashionable fops, in the extremity of their poverty; and what is to them much worse, the total destruction of their credit. The man who supplies the beer in the prison, will not let them have even a "penn'orth" of Barclay and Co.'s

Entire on trust. Experience has taught him the necessity of conducting business on the ready-money principle. Our artist, it will be observed, has been condescending enough to give them a glass, instead of the pint pot, out of which to quaff their porter. It is more than the licensed victualler of the place would do.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF COWPER.

(BY SAM. SLY.)

(Concluded from page 268.)

No one has travelled 'in the footsteps of Cowper,' but must feel delighted with these happy efforts of his muse. Every line is true to a shade: the scenes are precisely as he describes them, and all within a mile of Weston, the seat of his friend Benevolus. In the woods and by-lanes of this neighbourhood, as also in the nooks by the roadside, between Weston and Olney, were favourite resorts of the gipsies; this did not escape the eye of the poet, who in one of his richest gems, 'à la Gainsborough,' commemorates the vagabonds in the following exquisite touches:—

"I see a column of slow rising smoke
O'er top the lofty wood, that skirts the wild.
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,
Or vermin, or at best of cock purloined
From his accustomed perch. Hard-faring race!
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquenched
The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
Great skill have they in palmistry, and more
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
Conveying worthless dross into its place;
Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.
Strange, that a creature rational, and cast
In human mould, should brutalise, by choice,
His nature; and though capable of arts
By which the world might profit, and himself,
Self-banished from society, prefer
Such squalid sloth to honourable toil!
Yet even these, though feigning sickness oft,
They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,
And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
Can change their whine into a mirthful note
When safe occasion offers, and with dance
And music of the bladder and the bag
Beguile their woe, and make the woods resound.
Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy
The houseless rovers of the sylvan world;
And breathing wholesome air, and wandering much,
Need other physic none, to heal th' effects
Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold."

Boz perhaps might have given this sketch with equal truth; he might have handed us an auctioneer's catalogue of every stick and straw in the 'tent scene,' not forgetting the 'kettle, slung between two poles, upon a stick transverse,' but he would not have woven that gossamer veil, in tissue of purple and gold, the fabric of the poet's imagination, that he invariably spread over every scene, however rural or rustic, and rendered delightful to the most fastidious eye.

There was an old lady who used to wander through the streets and outskirts of Olney, when we were there: no one knew her pedigree or destiny, or how she lived. She wore a gipsy hat, trimmed with scarlet ribbons; an old white

apron or mere rag, ornamented with bits of lace, for a cloak; a gay quilted petticoat but tattered; and long mittens. She carried a basket which contained small gifts, unsolicited, but rarely refused; she picked up pins, and was curious in trifles. Children called her Mother Holland; but she only answered graciously to 'your Ladyship,' which appellation always elicited a speech, both dignified and courteous, for alas, poor 'Kate was crazed!'

We always thought this must have been the 'Kate' of the poet, in his pathetic and touching description of 'A love's labour lost.'

"There often wanders one, whom better days
Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimmed
With lace, and hat with splendid ribbon bound.
A serving maid was she, and fell in love
With one who left her, went to sea, and died.
Her fancy followed him through foaming waves
To distant shores; and she would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers: fancy too,
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of transports she was not to know.
She heard the doleful tidings of his death—
And never smiled again! and now she roams
The dreary waste; there spends the live-long day,
And there, unless when charity forbids,
The live-long night. A tattered apron hides,
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown
More tattered still, and both but ill conceal
A bosom heaved with never-ceasing sighs.
She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
And hoards them in her sleeve; but needful food,
Though pressed with hunger oft, or comelier clothes
Though pinched with cold, asks never—Kate is crazed."

Cowper, notwithstanding the meekness of his manners and the mildness of his disposition, was a most inveterate satirist. It is true he handled his weapons with skill and dexterity, and cut smoothly, but *deeply*. With such a graceful flourish did he exercise his powers, that you found, as it were, your head off before you were aware of it. Can any thing be more severe than the following in his 'Table Talk,' where he casts the whole batch of kings from David to George the Third, down headlong to perdition at one fell swoop?

"B.—Quevedo, as he tells his sober tale,
Asked, when in hell, to see the royal jail;
Approved their method in all other things,
But where, good sir, do you confine your kings?
There, said his guide, the group is full in view.
Indeed! replied the Don, there are but few.
His black interpreter the charge disdained—
Few, fellow! *there are all that ever reigned!*"

But, as if the poet bethought himself he had gone too far, or imagined they might travel *there* fast enough without his assistance, he qualifies himself with a *check-string*, and pulls one or two up again—

"Wit, undistinguishing, is apt to strike
The guilty and not guilty both alike.
I grant the sarcasm is too severe,
And we can readily refute it here;
While Alfred's name, the father of his age,
And the sixth Edward's grace the historic page."

But notwithstanding this compliment and deference to the then existing prejudices in favour of royalty, the poet could not quite forget his own predilection, but still goes on grumbling as though he really thought after all they deserved the fate he had predicted.

"A.—Kings then, at last, have but the lot of all,
By their own conduct they must stand or fall.

B.—True. While they live the courtly laureat pays
His quit-rent ode, his pepper-corn of praise;

And many a dunce, whose fingers itch to write,
Adds as he can his tributary mite.
A subject's fault a subject may proclaim;
A monarch's errors are forbidden game!
Thus free from censure, overawed by fear,
And praised for virtues that they scorn to wear,
The fleeting forms of majesty engage
Respect, while stalking o'er life's narrow stage;
Then leave their crimes for history to scan,
And ask, with busy scorn, Was this the man!"

And so on, showing the poet would have made a bad soldier, being no 'king's man.' But enough of this, let us fall on his footsteps.

'Cowper's Oak,' as it was termed by the natives, was a tree of some consequence, standing in Yardley Chase, a few miles from Olney, now honoured by being a place of meeting for the Duke of Grafton's hounds, as it was in our time by pic-nic parties for the purpose of nutting—the days when we went gipsying, a long time ago—but where fewer nuts were cracked than jokes—the former was the pretence for associating, but the latter, the real and ostensible motive, in conjunction with love and romance. We have now a box before us, *certainly* cut from the branches of this tree, and not like 'Shakespeare's mulberry' affair, that has been gone, root and branch, long ago, and still yields a relic for the credulous and admiring.

"The mulberry tree was hung with blooming wreaths,
The mulberry tree stood centre of the dance,
The mulberry tree was hymned with dulcet airs,
And from his touchwood trunk the mulberry tree
Supplied such relics as devotion holds
Still sacred, and preserves with pious care."

The only compliment we remember to have been paid the poet, since his death, in the shape of 'signs,' is one now at Olney, called 'Cowper's Oak,' once kept by the originator, Mr. Coulson, a little fussy, chattering busybody, and so great and anxious a politician, that he used to meet old Dick Tyrrell, the news and letter man, who always kept his (Coulson's) paper in his pocket, that he (Coulson) might be the first to hear the news and spread it as he went. But let us take shelter with the poet for a few moments under his favourite tree, the Yardley oak, and listen to his soliloquy.

"Time was, when settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake thee to the root—and time has been
When tempests could not. At thy firmest age
Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents,
That might have ribbed the sides and planked the deck
Of some flagged admiral; and tortuous arms,
The shipwright's darling treasure, didst present
To the four quartered winds, robust and bold,
Warped into tough knee-timber many a load!
But the axe spared thee. In those thrifter days
Oaks fell not, hewn by thousands, to supply
The bottomless demands of contest, waged
For senatorial honours. Thus to Time
Was left the task to whittle thee away
With his sly scythe, whose ever-nibbling edge,
Noiseless, an atom, and an atom more,
Disjoining from the rest, has, unobserved,
Achieved a labour, which had, far and wide,
By man performed, made all the forest ring.
Embowed now, and of thy ancient self
Possessing nought but the scooped rind, that seems
A huge throat, calling to the clouds for drink,
Which it would give in rivelets to thy root.
Thou temptest none, but rather much forbidd'st
The feller's toil, which thou could'st ill requite.
Yet is thy root sincere, sound as a rock,
A quarry of stout spurs and knotted fangs,
Which crook'd into a thousand whimsies, clasp
The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect."

And so the poet goes on, in strains if possible more sweet and touching, but space will not permit us to trespass further after 'the footsteps of Cowper;' but wishing to amuse a few kindred spirits with some reminiscences of a poet who wrote for all times—and having lived on the spot,—could not resist the temptation, or we might have painted a few characters who figured in the town of Olney, whilst we were there, with tolerable correctness; the 'king herrings of the shoal' being four great A's—namely, Andrews, Aspray, Abraham, and Allen:—all great smokers and talkers; with a long list of Lovells, Cobbs, Souls, Palmers, Talbots, Nichols and 'Morris dancers.' Or we might have taken a seat with the poet in his favourite 'Alcove,' and examined his picture drawn on the spot, and taken a *Sly* peep at his residence at Weston, and at the hall of his friends the Throckmortons, and the little Buchanans at Ravenstone,—his correspondent, or at his letters and sonnets to old acquaintances. Or we might have followed him into every room in his house at Silver-end, from the garret to the kitchen, speculating as to which he dined and slept in, and which his studio; or where he indulged himself with a 'Sofa,' and in which those frequent soirées were held, the leading personages in which were my Lady Austen and Mrs. Unwin. In fancy, we might have seated ourselves among them, and imagined the topics of the evening—for the poet being no whist or cribbage player, it is presumed 'Conversation' or 'Table Talk' was the business of the night, except when he was winding their thread, or doing the amiable in some other capacity. Or we might have tracked him into many private walks, where his love of the picturesque led him, which are not mentioned in his works. But the best of friends must part, and we can only add by informing the curious, that on the 1st of September, 1841, the poet's house, "deep in the abyss of Silver-end," was used as an Infants' school; also for lace making and mending; the gardens much improved, and the 'Summer house' embellished and repaired; his residence at Weston inhabited by a respectable farmer, and the premises and walks kept in good order, only some of the timber cut down.

MEMOIR OF THE "CLARINDA" OF BURNS.

"O gentle lady! I did hear you talk
Far above singing; after you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
What stirred it so! Alas! I found it love!"

THOUGH the life of Burns was troubled and sorrowful, yet, much as he sat apart from the world, with his mournful, but holy thoughts, there never was a being whose soul was more open to joy and cheerfulness, or whose senses were more fresh and vigorous towards the perception and enjoyment of actual beauty. Grateful was he to Heaven, in his heart, for field and forest, hill and vale; but more thankful far than for the green summer, or the mild air, or the flowers, or the stars, or all that makes this world so beautiful, was he for the good and beautiful beings which he knew in it—the fair shapes of womankind, who tended his steps, or administered to his delights.

Of kind-hearted and beautiful women, Burns, perhaps by reason of the attractive goodness of his disposition, and his ardent warmth of soul, was acquainted with a larger circle than often falls to the lot of one man. Every page of his works glitters with some dear and ineffaceable memory of one or other whom his passions or virtues prompted him to celebrate in verse. The "lasses," as he called them, in his own Doric language, were ever bringing a warble to his lip; to them his affections fastened; and the

impulses of his soul, like bright wine, were ever pouring out to them in song.

Of this crowd of beauties, none made a more permanent impression upon his susceptible heart than Mrs. Maclehose, the celebrated Edinburgh beauty—the beautiful Clarinda, whom the poet loved constantly to toast, when the wine circulated—the accomplished Clarinda, to whom, under the name of Sylvander, he addressed so much prose and verse. In addition to a countenance of the sweetest expression, and a person the most prepossessing, Mrs. Mac., as Burns was accustomed, familiarly, or rather lovingly, to call her, was possessed of those accomplishments which render the former irresistible. Her voice was, perhaps, one of the sweetest-toned that it was possible to hear; and, when it is remembered, that the poet often heard, from her lips, his own exquisite and feeling ballads, little surprise can be manifested that his heart was so deeply smitten.

A few weeks since, only, and the once-beloved of Burns was still in the living world, at Calton-hill, Edinburgh, though bearing up under the weight of eighty-two years. Her maiden name was Agnes Craig, and she subsequently married Mr. A. Maclehose, writer, of Glasgow. It was on the death of her husband, and during her youthful widowhood, that the poet became so fervently attached to her; and, now that neither of them can blush at the innocent recital of this amour, we will recite, from personal remembrances, and other sources, all that we know of this interesting circumstance. Mrs. Maclehose, or rather Clarinda, we are aware, had many letters in her possession, which passed between herself and Burns, upon this occasion; and she refrained, for various reasons, from giving them to the world; but it is now to be hoped, that this correspondence will speedily appear, in some complete and authentic form, at the same time removing doubts, and revealing gratifying and delightful circumstances.

While influenced by the beauty and attractions of Mrs. Maclehose, Burns resigned himself to the twofold captivations of love and verse. Charlotte Hamilton, who had, beforetime, been so long the exquisite object of his poetic homage, had now passed away from his memory; or, if any image of her remembrance remained in him, it was totally swept away or obliterated by the newer charms of the fair Clarinda. The first intimations of this amour, which appears to have filled the mind of Burns, for a long period, with an inexpressible sweetness and gratification, appears in a letter which he wrote to his friend Richard Brown, mariner, dated December 30, 1787:—

"Almighty love," says the poet, "still reigns and revels in my bosom; and I am, at this moment, ready to hang myself for a young Edinburgh widow. My Highland dirk, that used to hang beside my crutches, I have gravely removed into a neighbouring closet, the key of which I cannot command, in case of spring-tide paroxysm. You may guess of her wit by the verses which she sent me, the other day:—

"Talk not of love; it gives me pain;
For love has been my foe;
He bound me with an iron chain,
And plunged me deep in woe."

But the opening of this correspondence between Clarinda and Burns commenced by a letter from the poet himself. It is to be found among a number of others; some written with tenderness and feeling, others bold and vehement, but all showing the ardour of an impassioned heart. It runs, plainly and simply, thus:—

"I can say with truth, madam, that I never met with a person in my life whom I more anxiously wished to meet again than yourself. You are a stranger to me; but I am

an odd being. Some yet unnamed feelings,—things, not principles,—but better than whims,—carry me further than boasted reason ever did a philosopher. Our worthy common friend, in her usual pleasant way, rallied me a good deal on my new acquaintance. She tells me you are not only a critic, but a poetess."

Of the powers of Clarinda, in rhyme, many specimens might be adduced, which certainly have an elegiac and plaintive beauty about them, and which smote the heart of Burns. Speaking of a copy of one of these, Burns, in writing to his beautiful favourite herself, says, "Your last verses have so delighted me, that I have got an excellent old Scotch air, that suits the measure, and you shall see them in print. I want four stanzas—you gave me but three, and one of them alluded to an expression in my former letter; so I have taken your two first verses, with a slight alteration in the second, and have added a third, and *you* must help me to a fourth. Your first stanza," continues he, still alluding to the same set, "is worthy of Sappho; I am in raptures with it!"

Most of the compositions addressed by Burns to Clarinda, were produced during the painful leisure which a bruised limb afforded him. On this occasion, Clarinda was a constant visitor to the crippled bard, and diverted him with her wit, and soothed him with her presence. At her approach, it was always apparent that his troubled spirits grew more calm; for her presence was to his feverish heart like a tropical night, beautiful, soothing, and invigorating. Yet, strange to say, at this time, watched as he was by beauty on his couch, and praised, as a poet, from "Maidenkirk to John-o'-Groats," the poet was any thing but happy. "I have a hundred times wished," he says in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, "that one could resign life, as an officer resigns his commission."

Some have characterised Burns's courtship of Clarinda as too presumptuous and over-bold; but those who knew Clarinda, cannot but feel what Burns thought of her, when he wrote, "People of nice sensibility and generous minds have a certain intrinsic dignity, which fires at being trifled with or lowered, or even too closely approached." And though, in the subsequent extract from one of his poems, addressed to her, the charge of "boldness" may seem somewhat fair, yet, when the generous and exuberant nature of Burns is considered, it will appear rather in the light of a noble compliment than a licentious verse. It runs thus:—

"In vain would Prudence, with a decent sneer,
Point to a censuring world, and bid me fear;
Above this world, on wings of love, I rise,
I know its worst, and can that worst despise;
Wronged, slandered, shunned, unpitied, unredressed,
The mocked quotation of the scorner's jest,
Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall—
CLARINDA—rich reward!—repays them all."

And to show the durable and lasting nature of his affection, in another part of the same poem he swears,

"By all on high adoring mortals know,
By all the conscious villain fears below,"

to love her so long as the trees grow, or the streams harmoniously run.

The bard had, by this time, partly under Clarinda's own kind and inspiring attendance perhaps, recovered from the effects of his fall; and he was contemplating his departure from Edinburgh, when he wrote verses "To the fair sun of all her sex," commencing,

"Clarinda, mistress of my soul,
The measured time is run;"

and which close with the following picturesque and beau-

tiful lines, that evince, on the part of Clarinda, a reciprocity of feeling which is not to be overlooked:—

"We part—but, by these precious drops
That fill thy lovely eyes,
No other light shall guide my steps,
Till thy bright beams arise."

This scene of the poet's departure seems sorely to have agitated him. He was too deeply enamoured to snap asunder the links of his affection with a careless hand; and it is beautiful to observe the various opportunities he seizes on, whereby he may testify, by some token or present, his fast-during love. The subsequent lines furnish a ready instance out of many. In the edition of his poems, they are entitled, "To a Lady, with a present of a pair of drinking glasses:—"

"Fair empress of the poet's soul,
And queen of poetesses!
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses."

He then bids her with her delicate lips to drink a first and a second health, for purposes therein mentioned; but above all, she is prayed by him to drink a third, and that "third, to thee and me, love." At this time, he sent her, too, it appears, a copy of the personal account which he gave of himself to Dr. Moore, therein describing himself to her as a "very devotee to the warmest degree of enthusiasm in love."

The last letter that Clarinda received from him was fraught, more than usual, with spiritual and abstract speculation. He endeavoured to paint to her the vision of a pure and disembodied state, in which both he and she might, in a state of heavenly intercommunion above, lead together lives of blessedness, which upon this great earth they at present could not comprehend. He writes thus:—"What a life of bliss would we lead in our mutual enjoyment of friendship and love! Ah, I see you laughing at my fairy fancies; but I am certain I would be a happy creature, beyond any thing we call bliss here below; nay, it would be a paradise congenial to you, too. Don't you see us hand in hand, surveying the comets flaming by us?" &c.

There may appear a vein of levity pervading this; but we would rather believe, that, at the time Burns wrote it, the solemnity of the idea weighed most on his mind, and that he wished it to operate with like effect upon the soul of his Clarinda. That disembodiment hath taken place; the spirits of both, it is hoped, are now among those "made perfect;" and the exalted pleasures which, in an after state, the poet represented himself as enjoying with the beloved one of his soul, are now fulfilled.

KNOW THYSELF.

WHAT am I? how produc'd? and for what end?
Whence drew I being? to what period tend?

Am I th' abandon'd orphan of blind chance,
Dropp'd by wild atoms in disorder'd dance?
Or from an endless chain of causes wrought,
And of unthinking substance, born with thought?
By motion, which began without a cause,
Supremely wise without design or laws?
Am I but what I seem—mere flesh and blood?
A branching channel with a mazy flood?
The purple stream that through my vessels glides,
Dull and unconscious flows like common tides;
The pipes through which the circling juices stray,
Are not the thinking I, no more than they.
This frame, compacted with transcendent skill,
Of moving joints obedient to my will,

Nurs'd from the fruitful globe, like yonder tree,
Waxes and wastes—I call it mine, not me.
New matter still the mouldering mass sustains;
The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains,
And from the fleeting stream repair'd by food,
Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.

What am I then? Sure, of a nobler birth!
By parents' right I own as mother, Earth,
But claim superior lineage by my Sire,
Who warm'd th' unthinking clod with heavenly fire:
Essence divine! with lifeless clay allay'd,
By double nature, double instinct sway'd.
With look erect I dart my longing eye,
Seem wing'd to 'part, and gain my native sky;
I strive to mount, but strive, alas, in vain,
Tied to this massy globe with magic chain.
Now, with swift thought, I range from pole to pole,
View worlds around their flaming centres roll:—
What steady powers their endless motions guide
Through the same trackless paths of boundless void!
I trace the blazing comet's fiery tail,
And weigh the whirling planets in a scale.
These God-like thoughts while eager I pursue,
Some glittering trifle offered to my view.
A gnat, an insect of the meanest kind,
Can chase the new-born image from my mind;
Some beastly want, craving, importunate,
Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,
Calls off from heavenly truth this reasoning me,
And tells me I'm a brute as much as he.
If on sublimer wings of love and praise
My soul above the starry vault I raise,
Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,
I flag, I droop, and flutter in the dust.
The towering lark thus, from her lofty strain,
Stoops to an emmet or a barley grain.
By adverse gusts of jarring instincts toss'd,
I rove to one, now to the other coast.
To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
My lot unequal to my vast desires.
As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth
Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth;
So man, amongst his fellow-brutes expos'd,
Sees he's a king—but 'tis a hind depos'd.
Pity him, brutes! you, by no law confin'd,
Yet barr'd from devious paths by being blind;
Whilst man, through opening views of various ways,
Confounded by the aid of knowledge, strays;
Too weak to choose, but choosing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste!
Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,
The flattering future, still must give the joy;
Not happy, but amused upon the road,
And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode—
Whether next sun his being shall restrain
To endless nothing, happiness, or pain.
Around me, lo! the thinking thoughtless crew,
(Bewilder'd each,) their different paths pursue;
Of them I ask my way—the first, replies,
"Thou art a god," and sends me to the skies;
"Down on the turf," the next, "thou two-legg'd beast,
"There fix thy lot, thy bliss, and endless rest!"
Between those wide extremes the length is such,
I find I know too little or too much.
"Almighty Power! by whose most wise command,
Helpless, forlorn, uncertain, here I stand,
Take this faint glimmering of Thyself away,
Or break into my soul with perfect day!"
This said, expanded by the sacred text,
The light, the balm, the guide, of souls perplex'd,
As the benighted traveller that strays
Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning's rays,
The nightly mists and thick-descending dew
Parting, unfolds the fields of vaulted blue.
"O Truth divine! enlighten'd by thy ray,
I grope and guess no more, but see my way.

Thou clear'st the secret of my high descent,
And told me what those mystic tokens meant,
Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
Too hard for worldly sages to explain.
Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' schemes;
Their systems false, delusive were their dreams;
Unskill'd my two-fold nature to divide,
One nurs'd my pleasure, and one nurs'd my pride;
Those jarring truths which human art beguile,
Thy sacred page thus bids me reconcile."
Offspring of God—no less thy pedigree—
What thou once wast, art now, and still mayst be,
Thy God alone can tell, alone decree!
Faultless thou dropp'd from his unerring skill,
With the bare power to sin, since free of will;
Yet charge not with thy guilt His bounteous love,
For who has power to walk has power to rove;
Who acts by force impell'd, can nought deserve,
And wisdom short of infinite, may swerve.
Borne on thy new-imp'd wings thou took'st thy flight,
Left thy Creator and the realms of light,
Disdain'd his gentle precepts to fulfil,
And thought to grow a God by doing ill!
Though by foul guilt thy heavenly form defac'd,
In nature changed, from happy mansions chas'd,
Thou still retain'st some sparks of heavenly fire,
Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire;
Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,
And brute enough to make thy search in vain;
The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,
Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce.
Repast ill suited to such different guests,
For what thy sense desires, thy soul detests.
Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,
Curb'd, or indulged, or balk'd, or gratified,
Rage on, and make thee equally unblest,
Thy wishes realised, or unpossess'd.
In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod—
Return, and seek thy Father and thy God!
Yet think not to regain thy native sky,
Borne on the wings of vain philosophy!
Mysterious passage! hid from human eyes,
Soaring you'll sink, and sinking, you will rise—
Let humble thoughts your weary footsteps guide—
Repair by meekness, what you lost by pride!

A.

REFLECTIONS FROM AN OLD CHURCH-YARD.

BY PHANTOM WHITEHAVEN.

CHAPTER IV.

LET us now observe you aged gentleman, who is wending his way down the street, with a lady on his arm, whom we are to presume to be his wife. The two young ladies who are following immediately behind, are his daughters. What a happy group they appear to be! Placid contentment alone seems to dwell in the mind of the father; an amiable serenity occupies the features of the mother; and the young and merry daughters are enjoying their morning's promenade in quizzing with feminine-like ardour and acuteness every person they happen to pass. See! they are now going to meet two young gentlemen of their acquaintance. With what maiden-like modesty they move! How exceedingly coy and reserved is their demeanour! but he has now passed them; and, mark, what a fire of would-be-facetious and quizzical remarks they are pouring forth respecting him. Each gaily strives to gain the palm by making the most quaint and apposite remark upon his outward man.

They are now scanning, with critical eyes, every fold in

yon lady's dress. A smile, which they vainly attempt to conceal, may be discovered upon their lively features. Now see, it expands into a lurking titter; and now it bursts forth into a loud and unrestrained laugh. "The colours of her dress," they say, "are odiously vulgar;" "the waist is much too low;" "the flounces far, oh, far too deep;" "the wall-flower in the band is anything but an improvement;" and at last, after expending all the quaint and sullied observations which a memory tenacious of depreciating apophthegms contains, they arrive at the feminine-like conclusion, that "she is an exceedingly disagreeable girl." This is merely because they nurse some old grudge, because they harbour some latent and ungenerous dislike for the unoffending object of their evened remarks. More attention has been paid to her at some ball than was consonant with the feelings of the slighted ones; or, perchance, poor girl! she has the misfortune to be considered handsome; and that alone is quite sufficient to gain her the marked ill-will of every narrow-minded woman with whom she may chance to come in contact.

Shakspeare has said, "Be thou chaste as ice and pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." And may we not exclaim, "how well?" Ay, alas! indeed 'tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true." How lamentable it is to think, that the most high-minded and honourable of men so frequently become the victims of foul and aggravating calumnies; and that even the most favoured and virtuous of women are often made the conspicuous targets at which slander loves to shoot its poisoned arrows! Yet how simple seems the remedy to such a dire, inhuman state of things! Man needs only exercise reflection ere he vents the ungenerous feelings of his mind, and think whether the words which hang upon his tongue are just, and even if they do assume the form of justice, whether they would be productive of good or evil. If ill to any one would attend their utterance, let them be suppressed. Then would calumny, that thorny weed which springs from roots planted by the unreflecting hand, but which, when sprung, ramifies throughout the social system, be sapped in its foundation. Then might the man of integrity be happy in the security of his name, and the perfect woman enjoy respect commensurate with her worth. Yet simple as is the remedy, I fear it will never be adopted. Man is too ambitious, too sordid, too selfish, to relinquish his attempts to raise his own character by depreciating his neighbour's. He thinks that if he can lower his neighbour's fame, his own will of course become proportionably more conspicuous. But this is a sad mistake. It is true, calumny too often inflicts an irreparable injury upon its innocent victim; but its despicable propagator suffers more—far more—than the injured object of his wanton accusations. The weapon which he had privately planted at the man whom in public he haply feigned to love, may perchance slightly graze his breast; but it will recoil with double force, and pierce the heart of him who aimed the blow.

Let us now return to the family group. Lo! the fun of the young ladies is checked by the mother. She has turned to reprove their behaviour: and do you observe why she has done so? The two gentlemen whom they are approaching happen to be young bachelors; and it would, of course, according to maternal ideas, be extremely detrimental to the interests of the two young maidens, to be seen conducting themselves improperly by gentlemen who may at some future period wish to renounce celibacy.

With what a cordial and right hearty shake of the hand does the considerate mother welcome her two young friends! How patronizingly she smiles upon them! And mark,

she now ceremoniously introduces them to her daughters. Her ruby countenance beams with satisfaction, and her immoderate consequence expands to twice its ordinary dimensions at the idea of having now consummated a design which she had long entertained of bringing these two young men into contact with her daughters. What a host of visionary things are now dancing in all the mazes of extatic confusion before the eyes of the anxious parent! She is gazing in imagination upon a thousand airy bubbles respecting love, flattery, courtship, compliments, and myriads of other vastly important and curious things which lead the way to marriage. And, heavens! what a rush of overwhelming thoughts does that engender in maternal minds. Bride's cake, rosettes, white gloves, and adulations which may never be thought of by any one but herself; and years of connubial happiness for her daughters, which, like many other comforts in perspective, too frequently elude the grasp of their pursuers.

See, now the cunning mother, with the kindest consideration for the comfort of the young persons, gives her husband a pinch, to warn him that it is time to move, and, after a complaisant "good morning," the parents (of course through the purest motives,) walk on, leaving the two young bachelors in the unrestrained enjoyment of the daughters' company, where we will also leave them (for ever, if they wish it,) that we may turn to muse on something else.

CANNIBALISM IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE following narrative, relative to Joshua Newburn, who has recently returned to this country, after having been captured by the natives of New Zealand, and after having served for nearly nine years and a half under the chiefs of various tribes, during which period he underwent the cruel torture of tattooing, is authentic, and may be depended upon. There is something so truly extraordinary in the history of this young man's life, during his residence of nine years and a half in the interior of the island of New Zealand, that a few observations relating to him cannot fail to prove extremely interesting.

Joshua Newburn was the eldest son of the late Mr. John Henry Newburn, for many years a freeman of the worshipful company of goldsmiths, in the city of London and was born in the parish of St. Luke on the 27th of March, 1817. His family are still living in that parish, in respectable circumstances. He received a plain education at an academy at Hoxton (Gloucester house), under a Mr. Pearce, and was afterwards apprenticed to a gas-fitter in the city; but his inclinations being seaward his father caused his indentures to be cancelled, and on the 17th of February, 1832, he was articulated for the term of three years to a Captain Plant, master of a whaler, named the Marquis of Lansdowne, bound to the South Seas. After a voyage of three months and fifteen days from the date of leaving Portsmouth, the ship reached the Bay of Islands on the New Zealand coast, where she brought up, and young Newburn, who was then but fifteen years of age, having suffered much from sickness on board, obtained leave to go ashore to seek medical advice. As there were several canoes manned with natives around the ship, trading with the crew, Newburn took the advantage of bargaining with a *rungatere*, or lead boatman, to take him ashore; but after they had left the ship, instead of the men rowing into the mouth of the harbour to the English settlements, they made away for a sandy beach at some distance off, and, having dragged him on shore, they stripped him quite naked, beating him at the same time with their paddles, till they left him insensible; they then took to the canoe and made off. As soon as he had

partially recovered from the effects of their violence, he wandered about the island in quest of a human habitation, desirous, if possible, of alighting upon some white man. This he continued to do for two days and nights, making the best of his way through forests of fern, breast high, which (he being quite bereft of clothing), shockingly chafed and lacerated his body. On the third morning, as he sat under a tree, famished with hunger, and exhausted with fatigue, he was perceived by two native youths, the sons of a chief living hard by, who, pitying his condition, conducted him to the hut of their father, who was lying sick upon a mat. Seeing that he (Newburn) was destitute of clothing, he furnished him with an old pair of canvass trousers and a tattered shirt, and having afforded him such refreshment as his circumstances would admit of, he sent him to a neighbouring chief, who, he said, would use him well.

To follow the life and adventures of this young man from that period up to the time of his quitting the country for England; to detail the chequered circumstances he met with during the nine years and upwards he served with various tribes of the island; to depict the scenes he witnessed, the imminent perils he encountered, the severe, almost incredible hardships he endured, the dreadful privations he underwent, and the miraculous escapes he experienced, would occupy the space of a large volume. He is now in London, and although he speaks his native language correctly, yet it is with difficulty that he at times can find words wherewith to express his ideas. His body is cicatrised in many places from the wounds he has from time to time received from the spears and knives of the natives whilst he was engaged under different chiefs, contending with militant tribes; and his face has undergone the horrible operation of tattooing, which gives him the appearance of a New Zealand chief. Although he is now only in his twenty-fifth year, from the acute sufferings he has undergone (having been at one period exposed for fourteen months in the bush), he appears considerably older, and his constitution has been so severely shattered, that it is quite impossible he could have existed another year had he remained on the island. He speaks the New Zealand language with the utmost fluency; and became ultimately so thoroughly initiated into the ways, habits, and manners of the natives, that they identified him with themselves, and styled him by a term of distinction, "Mootooah," which means "the tattooed spirit." In describing the scenes he witnessed among the tribes he is exceedingly simple, and imparts what information may be sought of him in a very clear and artless manner.

He states that the first instance of human butchery he witnessed in the island was shortly after his arrival. A canoe landed a crew of natives whilst he was standing on the beach near a pah, or village, named Korozaika; he perceived two females among them, who were particularly good looking; among them was a very powerfully made man, who held a tomahawk in his hand, and who followed close upon the heels of the women as they proceeded on the beach, when he suddenly stepped before them and with one blow with his weapon nearly severed one female's head from her body; he then performed the same tragical operation upon the other female, and left them weltering in their blood upon the beach. As soon as he had sufficiently collected himself he ran home to the pah, appalled at what he had seen, and communicated, as well as he could, the circumstances to his chief, fearing that himself and his tribe might be beset by the party. Upon inquiry, however, it was discovered that the women were the slaves of a neighbouring chief, who had given him command that they should be tomahawked out of his own settlement for their disobeying his orders with regard to

his children. He, moreover, states that some time afterwards, when he was at a pah called "Warakaika," he bore witness to one of the most revolting acts of butchery that it could be destined for the human eye to behold. The chief of the tribe under which he served had waged war with the chief of another tribe located in a pah a short distance off them. They sallied forth just before day-break, armed with muskets, spears, and tomahawks (for the natives, he says, when they want to surprise an enemy, consider this the most seasonable time, entertaining an idea that sleep lays its hand more heavily upon the slumberer at that particular period than any other that is appropriated to repose); and the chief having fired off his musket on their arrival at the pah, as a signal for the commencement of hostilities, they all began the war dance, which was kept up for about two minutes, when they fired their muskets into the mat-houses of the enemy, and then took to their spears and tomahawks, and after a desperate struggle the pah surrendered, and the tribe were made prisoners and bound. Then the chief of the tribe went round to each prisoner and despatched the whole of them, one after another, by striking them on the head with his tomahawk. He, moreover, adds that there were among the number of the captives, one chief of high rank, as also a seer or diviner, and a noted warrior, who were all three seated upon a rush mat by themselves. The chief of his tribe advanced towards them, and with his tomahawk tapped their several heads and drank the blood as it ran from them. Another man of his tribe took out the eyes of the wretched victims and ate them raw, life not being out of the former. They finally cut off their limbs and quartered them, ready for the oven.

But the most dreadful feature in this act of massacre was that of a man and woman bound together, the former being the son of the opulent chief of the pah; the latter his wife, who held a child, about nine months old, in her arms. This young warrior had murdered with his own hand several of the tribe to which he (Newburn) belonged; and having dragged the woman, after having untied her from her husband, into an adjoining compartment, and after having committed the grossest acts of violence upon her, they tore the infant from her protection, and taking it up by the legs battered its head against the sides of the hut. As to the unfortunate husband, they cut slices of flesh from his body, and, thrusting the same into his mouth, asked him if it "was good, and tasted well." He stopped in this place for two days with his tribe, during which time they were employed in cooking their enemies, in such a manner as to keep them for some length of time. This process is performed by first cutting away all the flesh from the bones, and separating the lean from the fat; the fat is fried in earthen vessels to yield a lard; the lean is baked in an oven. The latter is then put into calabashes, and the fat poured over it; by this means the meat will keep sound for upwards of twelve months.

MARRIAGE—A SKETCH.*

"MARRIAGE!" said my friend Pat, with a sneer upon his lip, which would have done honour to a nameless personage; "Marriage! it is the trap for fools, and I'll none of it. Marry, indeed! I would as soon leap off the top of St. Paul's, and mark it for ever as a place despicable to the sight of the ladies! I'm for single inde-

* This sketch was written by an amiable and accomplished medical gentleman, who is understood to have described himself by the general and convenient name of Pat. Poor Pat had thus many things fathered upon him of which he is as innocent as the unborn child.

pendence, and hold that man as little more than a simpleton, who has not the sense to despise the snares of false, false woman."

"Why, Pat," exclaimed I, "are you resolved never to marry?"

"Yes, that I am! I don't mean to have my stairs strewn with old stockings and cast-off nightcaps. I won't be tormented with parrots, cats, and boxes, nor allow myself to be disturbed by bad servants and squalling children—not I. Let the women flirt about to entrap young men; let them squeeze their curls, work their lace, parade their feathers, and flounce their frocks: they 'waste their sweetness on the desert air.' It may do for common men, but not for me."

"Well, good-bye, Pat," said I. He muttered "good-bye," and we parted.

It was not long afterwards that I met my friend Pat, stepping over every impediment with a caution that astonished me; for he was always a slovenly kind of fellow, who wore an old hat merely because it was old; but Pat was now an altered man; he was arrayed in a costly suit, which silently spoke the tailor's praise: his white cravat, exactly folded about his neck, was curiously twisted into a knot of mathematical precision; and a brilliant red breast-pin, in the shape of a human heart, shone sparkling upon plaited ruffles exquisitely clean. Silk stockings and morocco pumps gave grace to his handsome feet. I was amazed, and hailed him with looks and gestures expressive of astonishment. "Why, Pat! in the name of all that's wonderful, where are you going and what are you about to do?"

With a blush, he replied, "Oh, only walking for air and exercise, that's all."

"Oh, that's all, is it? I wonder you don't choose a busier scene for your rambles; you certainly need not be ashamed of your dress."

Pat blushed rosy red, and stammered forth a joke. "Yes, I have turned dandy, just to humour the world, and—"

"And what?" inquired I. He hesitated a moment, and bit his lip; but suddenly assuming his natural frankness of demeanour, addressed me as follows:—"Why, my dear fellow, I believe there is no use in concealing it any longer from you, so I may as well confess it at once."

"Confess what?"

"Why, that I am g—g—going—"

"Why, what is the matter, going where?"

"To be—," with increased confusion.

"To be what?"

"M—m—m—married!" Alas, poor Pat! he cast his eyes bashfully upon the ground, the glow yet lingered upon his cheek, and he looked so tender and sentimental, so full of sensibility and love, that I laughed till he was compelled to join in chorus, and we had a hearty laugh together. "What!" exclaimed I, "you have actually been ensnared by false, false woman?"

"Yes, but—"

"And what will you do with the cats and bandboxes?"

"Oh, be still!"

"With the old stockings and cast-off caps?"

"Oh, nonsense."

"Bad servants and squalling children?"

"As you are brave, be merciful," said he; and with a good-natured laugh at the fickleness of human nature, I left him to steer in peace towards the polar star of his existence.

I saw him a few days afterwards, with a sweet girl hanging affectionately on his arm, and evidently making friend Pat a very enviable person. I actually experienced towards him a feeling of uncommon respect, and touched my hat with more reverence than I had ever

done before: thus it is with bewitching woman. We revile her, we scorn her power, we rail at her charms; yet she has the private key to the inmost recesses of our heart; and when she once chooses to enter, Archy Boswell, with his most winning and animated addresses, might attempt to turn her out in vain. There is about her an enchantment which defies all calculation, which makes resistance absurd, defeat delightful, and victory impossible; which captivates the strongest understanding, and charms away the stoicism of the hardest heart. When we take such a being to share with us the wild varieties of life, we enjoy one of the greatest blessings Heaven has bestowed; nature and nature's God smile upon the union that is sweetened by love, and sanctified by law; the sphere of our affections is enlarged, and our pleasures take a wider range; we become more important and respected among men, and existence itself is doubly enjoyed with this our softer self. Misfortune loses half its anguish beneath the soothing influence of her smiles, and triumphant when shared with her. Without her, what is man? A roving and restless being, driven at pleasure by romantic speculations, and cheated into misery by futile hopes; the mad victim of untamed passions, and the disappointed pursuer of fruitless joys; but with her he awakens to a new life, he follows a path, wider and nobler than the narrow road to self-aggrandisement, that is scattered with more fragrant flowers, and illumined by a clearer light.

DALE ABBEY.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

BY J. F. SUTTON.

THERE is probably no place in England possessing equal value in the estimation of admirers of ecclesiastical edifices in ruins, which is so seldom frequented as the ancient village of Depedale, about ten miles west of Nottingham. Situate at some distance from any public highway, the foot of the stranger is but rarely seen within its hallowed precincts, and the deep silence of its valley is seldom disturbed by "the busy hum of man;"

"Yet memory loves to linger there,

Albeit 'tis a deserted place,—

Till glorious past scenes re-appear,

Of mortals of a by-gone race."

Depedale, or as modern innovation terms it, "Dale," is associated in the mind with much that partakes of reverential feeling. The visitor is conscious that he stands upon what may be considered "holy ground." It was here that the monks, in the "olden days" practised their austerities: it was here that the loud "*Kyrie eleeson*" burst forth from living lips, and doubtless, from feeling hearts: it was at this place that the at other times proud lordling, but then a humble suppliant, came to render his customary tribute at the shrine of his favourite saint; and it was to the Abbey of Depedale, also, that the way-worn traveller looked, as being the place at which his immediate necessities would be relieved.

But now the richly-attired lord and the indifferently clad sojourner are equally amalgamated with the mould—the monk has for centuries ceased his daily routine of devotional exercise, and sank into oblivious repose—"dust has returned unto dust"—and even the abbey itself, splendid as it once was, and proudly as it exhibited its architectural richness, is now numbered among the things that were! Such is mutability!

Three centuries ago, Dale Abbey was a religious house of the Premonstratensian order, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. A monk, who belonged to it, has left in manuscript a history of its foundation, as related by Maud

de Salicosamara, who built the chapel belonging to the abbey. He tells us, that there once lived in the street of St. Mary, in Derby, a baker, who was particularly characterised for benevolence and devotion. The sincerity of his piety was at length severely tested. In a dream, he was required, the historian states, by the Virgin Mary, to relinquish all his worldly substance, and to repair to Depedale, there to lead a solitary life, in the service of her son and herself. He accordingly left all his possessions, and departed, entirely ignorant of the place to which he should go. However, going in an eastwardly direction, through a village called Stanley, he overheard a woman saying to a maiden, "Take wi' thee our calves, and drive 'em to Depedale, and come back wi'out staying." Regarding this event as a particular interposition of Divine Providence, he was overwhelmed with astonishment, and going up to the two females, he said, "Tell me, where is Depedale?" The maiden led him to the place, and he found the land to be exceedingly marshy, and remote from any human habitation. A little to the east, he found a piece of rising ground, and under the side of the hill cut in the rock a small habitation; having done this, he next built an altar towards the south, and there, the monk says, "he spent day and night in the divine service, with hunger and cold, and thirst and want."

A huntsman, by name Ralph, the son of Geremund, was one day hunting in his woods, and was attracted to the place where the hermit lived, by observing smoke rising from his cave: this, it is said, filled him with indignation and astonishment; indignation, that any one should have the rashness and effrontery to make a dwelling in his woods without his permission; and astonishment, that any one could live in so mean an abode. Riding up to the rock, he found a fellow-mortal clothed with old rags and skins, and after a short interchange of words, his anger gave way to the emotions of pity, and as an evidence of his commiseration, he made him a grant of the ground upon which his hermitage was situated, and a tythe of his mill at Burgh (Borrowash) for his support. The monk then relates, that the old enemy of the human race endeavoured to render him dissatisfied with his condition, but that he resolutely endured all the hardships incident to his lonely situation. One of his greatest privations was a want of water, but at length he fortunately discovered a small spring in the western part of the valley, and near to it he built a cottage, and an oratory in honour of the blessed Virgin. Here he ended "his days in the servyce of God."

This was the origin of the monastic institution of Dale, affording another illustration of the oft-repeated saying, "What great events from trifling causes spring!"

We are then told, that Serlo de Grendon, lord of Bodely, a knight of eminent valour, great wealth, and distinguished birth, gave to his god-mother, during her life, the place of Depedale, with its appurtenances, and some other land in the neighbourhood. She had a son, whom she educated for holy orders, that he might perform divine service in the chapel of Depedale, and took up her own residence at a small distance southwardly. Subsequently, however, Serlo de Grendon, with the consent of the venerable matron, invited canons from Kalke, and gave them the place of Depedale. These canons built a splendid church, abbey, and other erections, with immense labour and expense, and their prior went to Rome, and obtained for them several important privileges. Thus arose the Abbey of Dale, for a considerable period the most magnificent edifice for many miles round, and the pride of Derbyshire: the valley became a place of resort for people of all ranks, some of whom were large benefactors to this religious establishment.

"The devil, one night, as he chanc'd to sail
In a stormy wind, by the Abbey of Dale,
Suddenly stopp'd, and look'd wild with surprise
That a structure so fair in that valley should rise:
When last he was there it was lonely and still,
And the hermitage scoop'd in the side of the hill,
With its wretched old inmate his beads a telling,
Were all could be found of life, dweller, and dwelling.
The hermit was seen in the rock no more;
The nettle and dock had sprung up at the door;
And each window the fern and the hart's tongue hung o'er.
Within 'twas dampness and nakedness all:
The Virgin, as fair and holy a block
As ever yet stood in the niche of a rock,
Had fall'n to the earth and was broke in the fall.
The holy cell's ceiling, in idle hour,
When haymakers sought it to 'scape from the shower,
Was scored by their forks in a thousand scars,
Wheels and circles, ovals and stars.
But by the brook in the valley below,
Saint Mary of Dale! what a lordly show!
The Abbey's proud arches and windows bright,
Glitter'd and gleam'd in the full moonlight."*

Prosperity, it is said, begets corruption, and we learn that the ecclesiastics of Dale began to grow negligent in the performance of their sacred duties. They at length frequented the forest more than the church, and were more intent upon hunting than prayer and meditation. But we are told that the king, (probably Henry VII.) hearing of the inconsistency of their demeanour, commanded them to resign every thing into the hands of their patron, and to return to the place from whence they came.

Six white canons were the next governors of the abbey, but differences arose, and repeated ejectments and instalments were made. Some were very pious men, but others

"Forsook missal and mass,
To chant o'er a bottle, or shrive a lass;
No matin's bell call'd them up in the morn,
But the yell of the hounds and the sound of the horn;
No penance the monk in his cell could pay,
But a broken leg or a rainy day;
The pilgrim that came to the abbey door,
With the feet of the fallow deer found it nail'd o'er;
The pilgrim that into the kitchen was led,
On Sir Gilbert's venison there was fed,
And saw skins and antlers hang over his head.

The sweeping measures of Henry the Eighth succeeded, and the glory of Dale dwindled into comparative insignificance. The abbey was surrendered in the year 1539, by John Staunton and sixteen monks, and the work of demolition commenced. The abbey clock was sold for six shillings; the iron, glass, paving stones and grave-stones, for £18.; and the six bells, weighing 47 cwt., were unceremoniously destroyed. It is painful to reflect upon the fact, that even the sanctuaries of the dead were ruthlessly invaded and broken up—to so great an extent did maddened zeal operate in the minds of avaricious men.

The abbots of Dale were eighteen in number, and the period of their government was 312 years, six weeks, and one day. Tradition reports the church belonging to the abbey, to have been a truly magnificent structure, containing several lofty windows on the north and south sides, and one at the east end, in the chancel, which was remarkably spacious. The chapel, built by the godmother of Serlo de Grendon, a few hundred yards from the abbey, still remains, and divine service is performed within its walls. Seven hundred years have rolled away since the hermit scooped out the cave, and singular to relate, it

* From Howitt's "Forest Minstrel and other Poems."

exists in nearly its original state. The villagers of Dale pride themselves in exhibiting it to the inquirer. It is cut in a precipice which stands pleasantly elevated above the valley, and overhung with wood, and is considered to be one of the most picturesque and perfect hermitages remaining in this country.

It would be difficult to conceive anything more majestic than the first view of what remains of the church. One gigantic arch, towering above the pigmy mortal beneath, is all that is left! Its solitariness, its grandeur, and its amazing height, strike the mind with no ordinary astonishment. But when, in addition to the foregoing, the ravished beholder reflects that the arch is coeval with the reign of John, being founded in 1204, he is indeed captivated, and wonders that it has so long withstood the raging of the elements, and the ruthless hand of man. When seen from the surrounding eminences, the thin columns which support the arch, appear ready to snap at the bidding of the first tempest that visits the valley, and the mind instinctively recoils from the contemplation of so irretrievable a catastrophe; but when it is considered that it has, in its present condition, weathered the autumnal rains and wintry tempests of almost three centuries, the spectator cannot but be struck with the solidity of its masonry, and the permanency of its construction. This arch, which was formerly the eastern window, is all that remains standing of either church or abbey. It is said that the latter building was enclosed by a handsome stone wall, and that there was a grand entrance to the west, but no vestige of it is at this day observable.

The demesne now belongs to Earl Stanhope, and it is pleasing to observe, that his lordship has recently had the basement of the arch repaired, in a substantial and expensive manner. It will, therefore, in all probability, continue to rear its proud head, as an object of admiration throughout many generations to come.

It is worthy of remark, that under the chapel roof, in which service is still performed, there is a public-house! It was doubtless built with the ruins of the abbey, and its windows contain a few panes of painted glass, with inscriptions: it would be possible for a person, while attending divine worship in the chapel, to reach through the window into the ale-house for a glass of liquor!

The abbot's bed, richly adorned in antique style, is yet preserved; and the furniture of the inn, under the chapel roof, is of oak, quite black with age, and equally ancient with the abbey. A farm-house in the neighbourhood is enriched with many antiquities, and amongst them is a superb mantel-piece, which formerly adorned the abbey. Some years ago a considerable portion of the remains of the once sacred edifices, were actually used for mending the roads, and many beautiful masses of stone were thus sacrificed by their ignorant despoilers. No stones are now to be seen, excepting those which compose the arch; and the place which was once a "sanctuary of the Lord," is overgrown with grass, and roamed over by cattle! Were it not that the arch remained—the sole remnant of the glory of Depedale—there would be nothing to denote the site of this once highly-favoured monastic institution.

THE STUDY OF FLOWERS.*

To every one who really takes a pleasure in the garden, and would fain see his own flowers rival the specimens of a prize-show, we unhesitatingly recommend the study of "Flora's World;" the precepts of it are so admirable in themselves, and delivered so plainly and clearly, that

* Flora's World. Edited by W. M. Logan.

the merest tyro in the art must indeed be a blockhead, if he does not soon become a proficient. This no doubt is saying a great deal, but not an iota more than the work will bear us out in saying; and in fact it offers a model which we would gladly see followed out, in regard to arts of more practical utility.

It may perhaps not be generally known to our readers, that every gardener of any eminence, plumes himself more particularly on the culture of some one flower, to which he devotes an unusual share of his attention. To this favourite he trusts in a great measure for his gaining the prize at the annual floral shows, and accordingly we have certain names distinguished above the rest; some for the growth of dahlias, others for that of pansies, and so on through the whole realm of flowers. The leading feature of Mr. Logan's plan is to embody the results of the experience of those growers who are allowed to be the best cultivators of the particular flower which forms the subject of each number. Independent of this, the editor's practical knowledge has enabled him to dispense with that *crambe recorta* of ways and methods, which more or less disfigures all works of a similar description; he gives us at once the right mode of growing a flower, founded upon the best authority; that is, upon the authority of one who has been most successful in its culture; and having done this, he does not puzzle us with a choice of fifty diverse methods. We thus get an amusing, as well as intelligible whole, that leaves us nothing to regret. The first number is entitled "Thomson of Iver on the Heart's-ease," and certainly contains all that is necessary to be known for the most successful cultivation of that favourite flower.

AMERICAN VARIETIES.—No. XVII.

THE Emperor of China seems to entertain pretty much the same opinion of lawyers which Peter the Great held. The Czar said he had but two in his dominions, and that it was his intention to hang one of them in order to secure concord among his subjects. The Chinese autocrat has issued an edict to suppress "the multiplying of these people—a class fond of generating discord."

A man in Connecticut has got an elixir to cure broken ploughs, harrows with the teeth out, and other obstructions and defects in farmers' utensils. A few drops poured into an old watch will make it go as well as a new one. Two drops will revive the oldest clock in the country. It is an excellent thing for coffee-mills that don't grind; and is very useful in mending door-latches, &c.

"We are in the midst of a revolution," as the fellow said in the treadmill.

The "New Orleans Sun" wants to know if any body can tell why the Mississippi never runs up stream. If some plan could be hit upon to make their rivers run t'other way now and then, it would be a great saving of flat-boats. In the north, they make the rivers run both ways; but down south, the thing is just the other way. The unaccommodating Mississippi keeps due onward, for ever and ever, spurning the practice of other rivers, and doing pretty much as it likes.

Some ladies throw away all their warm feelings upon lap-dogs. How many pining lovers would give their eye-teeth and think themselves happy, for a tithe of the attention that some of our sweet ladies are in the habit of bestowing upon their blanched and woolly favourites! But lap-dogs are not the only puppies who engross the attention of our fair friends. Many a senseless and unthinking dandy, with his varnished boots and his little cane, and his "Oh, aah," runs off with those purest diamonds of this world—a young girl's affections.

POETRY.

AUTUMNAL SONNETS,

BY MR. J. JONES, AUTHOR OF "REGULUS," A TRAGEDY, &c.

AUGUST.

THE scarlet poppies skirt the ripening corn,
Wave to the breeze its masses like the sea;
The tiny rustic sallies with the dawn,
To keep from pilfering birds the produce free.
The sun's own flower its oriflamb displayed,
Turns with the Daygod's triumph through the spheres,
The lady's bower in jessamine arrayed;
The lady there—best beautiful appears!
The early apple now, and now the pear,
The orchard trees make precious to the sight;
The asters glisten in the gay parterre;
The varied marygolds expand in light.
And now the reapers toil—the sheaves are bound—
The harvest-wains drag home—feasting and songs go round.

SEPTEMBER.

Weave us a thousand dahlias into one,
Boid the device, and rare its radiance be,
Serve us a banquet, long before the sun
Go down, in molten rainbows to the sea.
Velvet the lawn of fountains where 'tis spread,
Sweet with clematis every near alcove,
And let September's horn of plenty shed
Its choicest stores, to music from the grove.
Pine apples bring, and plums of various hue,
Peaches, th' elixir of the solar beams,
The fruit that melts in nectar, and the dew
With which the grape, gold-green, or purple teems,
While tints autumnal soothe us, and the breeze,
Unwoo'd on stubble lands, goes dancing through the trees.

VARIETIES.

PREVENTION OF CONSUMPTION IN YOUTH.—The period of life which extends from youth to adult age, from about the eighteenth to the twenty-fifth year in males, and the sixteenth to the twenty-second in females, is one of great importance as regards persons predisposed to consumption. If the health has suffered by mismanagement in education, or from other causes, during early youth, the system very often shows it in a remarkable manner about the period of puberty. The development of the body which should naturally take place at this age, and which in healthy persons is accompanied with an increase of strength and vigour in the system, is often delayed beyond the usual period, or imperfectly accomplished. If, therefore, young persons remain weak and thin, or look unhealthy after the usual period of puberty, they may be considered in great danger of falling into tuberculous cachexia. Those who have been overworked at school, or kept much at sedentary occupations, frequently present this state of deteriorated health.—*Sir James Clark on Consumption.*

THE POET MASSINGER.—Poor Massinger! The world was not his friend, nor the world's law, and he took all opportunities to wreak his bitterness on both. Who can blame him? Setting aside his plays, only two striking memorials of the man have reached posterity. The one is an abject letter of distress, imploring the advance of £3., to release him from prison. The other is an entry in the parish register of the churchyard of St. Saviour's:—"March 20, 1639-40—buried Philip Massinger—a stranger." In the land whose language he enriched by his writings, he lived—a hunted beggar. His life was one long wintry struggle; and no one knew, no one cared to inquire, how he died. You hear of paupers for the most part, that they go to bed in a very flattering state of health, and never get up again. So it was with Massinger. "On the 16th of March," say his biographers, "he went to bed in apparent health, and was found dead in the morning in his lodging on the Bankside."

A FRAGMENT.—"Twas night—and such a night as earth ne'er saw before. Murky clouds veiled the fair face of heaven, and gave to pitchy darkness a still deeper dye. The moon had fled—the stars had closed their eyes; for deeds were doing they dared not look upon! The gods of the elements were abroad. Æolus exultingly led forth his legions, howling from their dark caverns; Neptune, foaming with rage, roared madly, as he contended with his rock-bound prison. The incensed Thunder drawn by his winged steed, in his aerial chariot, flashing lightning from his eyes, bellowed forth his madness—and ever and anon the demoniac shout of Ate, and the fiendish laughter of Hecate and her crew, were heard above the tempest. For a time the pure stream turned stagnant and ceased to flow—the mountain trembled—and the forest dropped its leaves—the flowers lost their fragrance and withered, and all nature became desolate. In glee serpents hissed, harpies screamed—and satyrs revelled beneath the branches of the upas. Domestic beasts crept near the abode of men. The lion relinquished his half-eaten prey; the tiger, forgetful of his fierceness, ran howling to his lair—and even the hyena deserted his repast of dead men's bones. Man alone of all earth's creatures slept. But still he slept as if the boding of some half-unknown calamity brooded o'er his mind. The aspiring youth muttered of blasted hopes, long cherished—youth, fair, and gifted maidens would start, and trembling, weep their injured innocence—and mothers, too, would half awake, and while they pressed their little nurslings to their breasts, would breathe still another prayer for their protection. On such a night, hell yawned and gave to earth a slanderer!—*Gem.*

A MARK OF THE BEST SOCIETY.—"You are mistaken!" said she, replying to my look, "it was not your dress—it was not your manners. The young gentleman who comes from Bond-street to tune our piano is quite as affable and much more dressy."—"The people at the Royal Lodge probably afforded you some little insight into my condition, as a pretext for your doing me the honour of admitting me to your acquaintance," said I with considerable bitterness, for I was stung home.—"No—it was your voice—it was the hypocritical modulation of your voice that satisfied me you had moved in the best society," replied Miss Vavasour, with provoking coolness. "I saw that you were a 'most delicate monster'; that you had a voice for me, and another for Annie—a third for the pony—a fourth for the lodge-keepers; there was nothing natural about you."—*Cecil, a Peer.*

AMERICAN WAITERS.—You are summoned to dinner by peal of bell or stroke of gong—the latter a most ear-appalling sound; you march along in single file, halt, half-face inwards, and take up your assigned position. The field officers of the day, *id est*, the head waiters, one at the end of each of the two enormously long tables, stand firm, fixed, and consequential; they move one pace to the front, and wave their right arm high in the air, in the most decisive and fogleman-like style; upon which all the subordinate helps, who are marshalled at equal distances, and have their eyes steadily fixed upon their commanding officers, likewise step one pace to the front! Profound silence reigns around! There is an awful but brief pause of suspense, and the field officers again wave their napkins aloft; another pace in advance is made by the entire force—the covers are uplifted, the viands displayed, and then the eager tumult of helping and being helped, and the din of knives and forks, and dishes and plates, reverberates from the lofty ceiling.—*Colonel Maxwell's Run through the United States.*

Vol. I. of the New and Pictorial Series of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, price 6s. 6d. handsomely bound in cloth, may be had of all Booksellers.

LONDON:

W. BRITAIN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Edinburgh: JOHN MENZIES. Glasgow: D. BRYCE.

Dublin: CURRY & Co.

Printed by J. RIER, 14, Bartholomew Close.